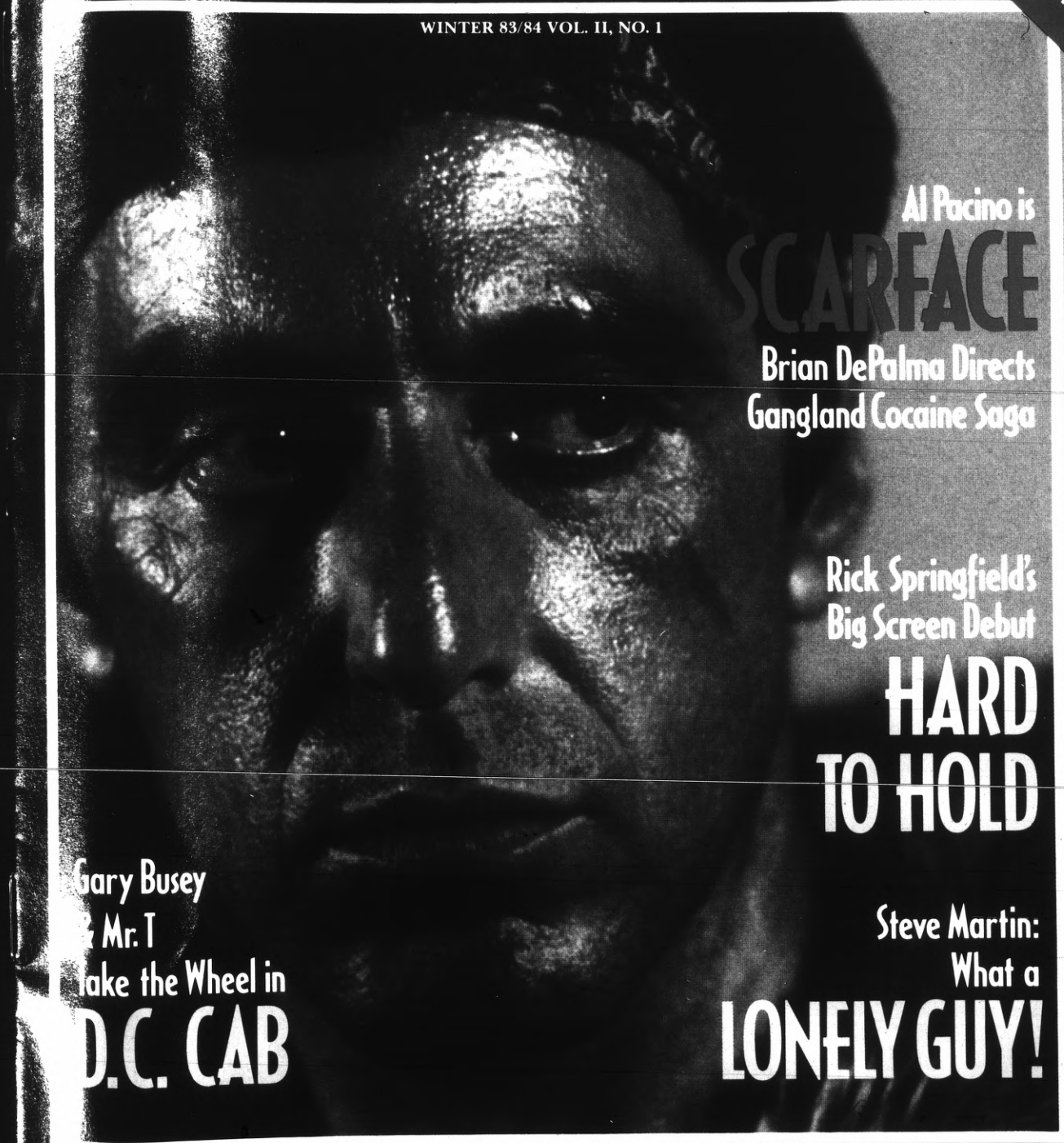
THE MOVIE MAGAZINE

WINTER 83/84 VOL. II, NO. 1

At Last! A Pathetic Contest for Lonely People... Details Inside!



Al Pacino is
SCARFACE
Brian DePalma Directs Gangland Cocaine Saga

Rick Springfield's Big Screen Debut
HARD TO HOLD

Gary Busey & Mr. T Take the Wheel in
D.C. CAB

Steve Martin: What a
LONELY GUY!

Previews of ICEMAN, REPO MAN & WHERE THE BOYS ARE

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THE MOVIE MAGAZINE

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Steve Martin (left) illustrates one of many pitfalls of being a* Lonely Guy: *sleeping alone. Rick Springfield and Janet Eilber (right) find and almost lose each other in* Hard to Hold, *a rock & roll love story.

***Al Pacino in* Scarface *(left) is the picture of success, gangster-style, while Gary Busey (right) looks slightly bemused as a whacko driver for a bizarre taxi company in* D.C. Cab.**

PREVIEWS

Timothy Hutton & Lindsay Crouse star in Iceman *(14);* Where the Boys Are *(still Ft. Lauderdale, Florida) has sand, surf and hot bods (16);* Repo Man *(15) stars Harry Dean Stanton & Emilio Estevez in L.A.'s auto repossession racket.*

COMING SOON **18**
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Al Pacino as Tony Montana, Cuban Marielito, who takes Miami's drug trade by storm in Scarface.

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LETTERS

Folks, it was disturbing to read about R. Ben Efraim's new movie, *Private School*. As a student of marketing, I have learned that responsibly catering to consumer needs is the way to make money. However, Mr. Efraim has taken this principle too far.

Bud Powell
San Francisco, CA

I really enjoyed your review of *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life* and the review of *Going Berserk*. Being a follower (diehard) of SCTV, you can expect me to see *Going Berserk*. I was a little disappointed though with *The Meaning of Life* and so were my friends (they saw it as being too much in the style of Mel Brooks, i.e.: the tiger hunt, the restaurant, etc.). It seems as though *The Meaning of Life* was missing the element so vital to all Python productions, the element of surprise. It appeared that the Pythons weren't even going to shock, titillate or try to solicit any of the reactions they got when we watched (and laughed at) their TV series. Now it seems the Pythons have in fact reached their prime; they cannot (nor can anyone else) surpass *The Holy Grail*.

As for *Going Berserk*, I hope that the troupe will be possibly half as funny as the series was (NBC has cancelled the series). Perhaps the troupe will continue their work and some cable channel will pick up the rights to the old syndicated show.

Michael Stranathon
Stow, OH

I read your article on *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life* and I loved it! I'm an avid fan of Monty Python, especially Terry Jones, Eric Idle and Graham Chapman.

P.S.: Your magazine is great! Keep up the good work!

Nancy Jones
Woban, MA

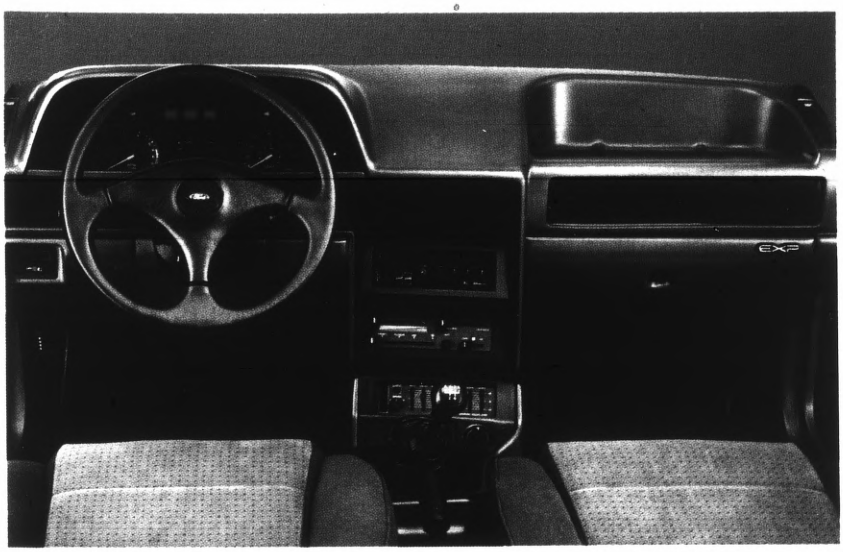
I was fortunate enough to receive a copy of your magazine today. I loved it! I'll be honest, the main reason I loved it was because Burt Reynolds was in it — he's the best!

Pam Blaydes
Canoga Park, CA

'ord EXP ...'bo.

New ...ash.

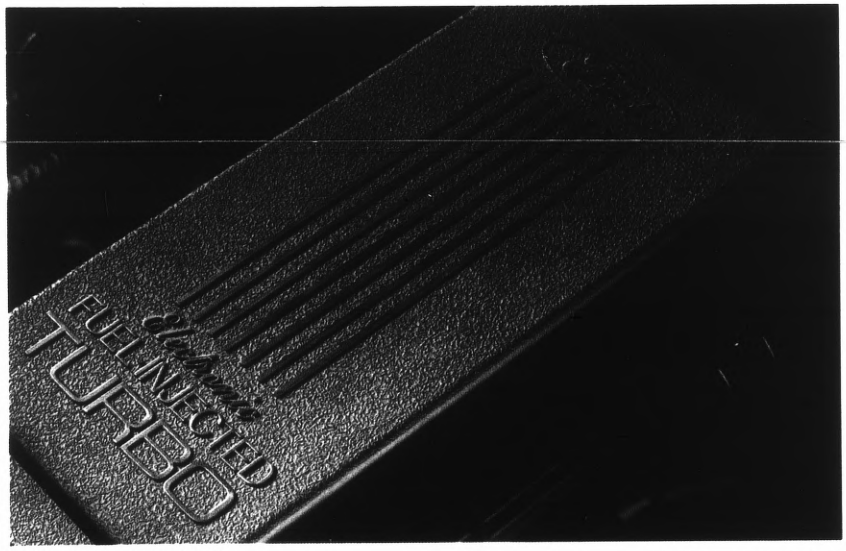
The new E... ...s full-function instr... ...anel provides you ... ...ash of technology. A... ... and gauges, includ... ...e tachometer, turbo-ov... ...oost light, and standard AM/FM stereo with cassette are functionally designed and strategically placed. And for improved performance of another kind, there is an optional electronic search stereo plus graphic equalizer.



New Dash.

Cubic inch for cubic inch, the new EXP Turbo's electronically fuel-injected 1.6 liter turbo-charged engine is among the most powerful production engines Ford has ever produced. And yet, despite its performance capabilities, it is projected to deliver amazing ratings of 26 est. MPG/42 hwy. est.

Although EPA mileage ratings were not available at the time of publication, these estimates are projected Ford ratings based on Ford Engineering test data, and are expected to be very close to official EPA ratings. Use for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower.



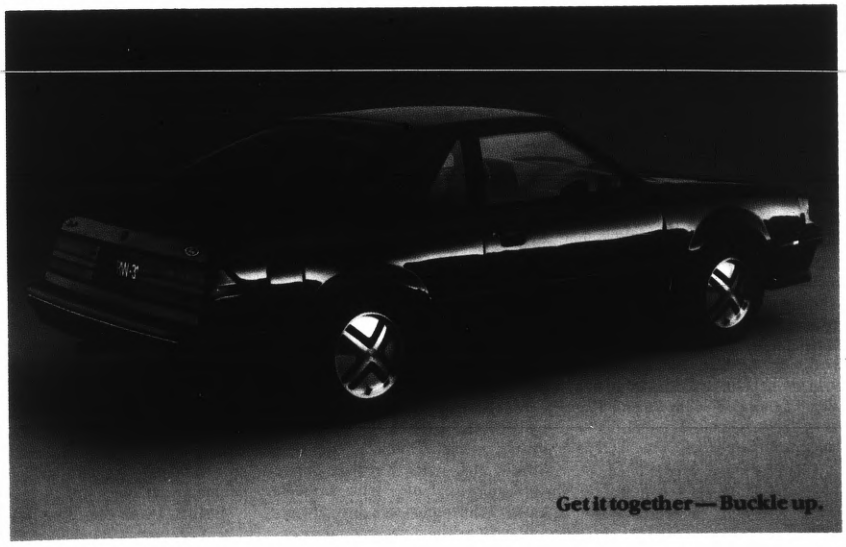
New Dash.

You'll also find new spoilers, new aluminum wheels and a new bubble-back hatch. The end result is something rather rare in today's world. A car with all the dash you could ask for.

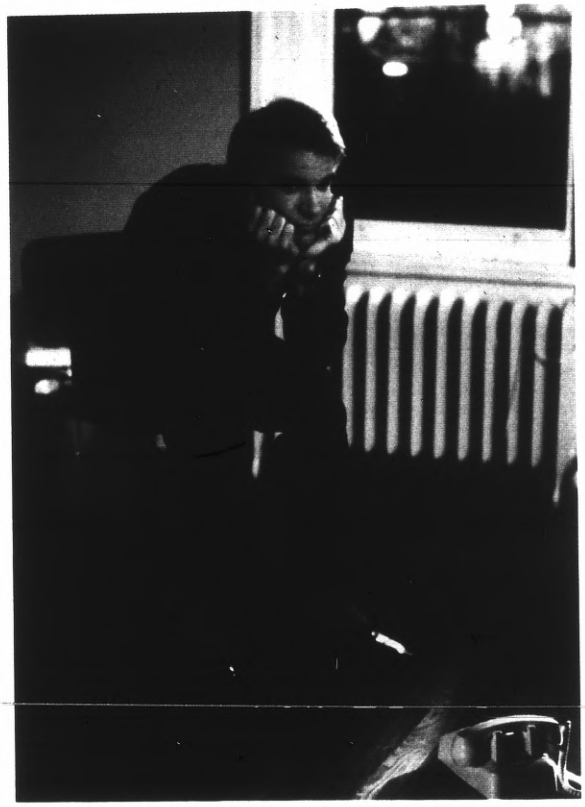
"Quality is Job 1." An independent survey established Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S.

Have you driven a Ford... ...ately?

Ford



Get it together—Buckle up.



Steve Martin in

The LONELY GUY

His fern is his only friend (and the fern may be faking it!)

BY RICHARD LEVINSON

Steve Martin and Charles Grodin are sitting on the balcony of a highrise Manhattan apartment, their backs to the panoramic, nighttime view. A gentle breeze is blowing across the potted plants that share the balcony; Martin is sipping a beer, Grodin a glass of milk. They are talking to each other quietly, recounting past, slightly disastrous dealings with the opposite sex. Martin recalls a particularly unsuccessful encounter with a high-school date in a movie theater, pauses for a moment, then adds, "It was fun, though. . . ."

Arthur Hiller says "Cut," Martin and Grodin stand up, the breeze suddenly stops and the lights of New York are switched off. It's the last day of principal photography for *The Lonely Guy*, and Martin and Grodin have just completed one of a number of ad-libbed conversations that are sprinkled throughout the movie.

"Maybe 30 percent of the scenes between Chuck and me are ad-libbed," says Martin in his dressing room later in the day. "These are little stories from our experience that drop into the film at any point, just two guys talking. It was actually Chuck's idea, and they've worked out real well, so if we're on a set, we say 'Well, let's try a lonely guy story,' and we just set it up and try it."

These little conversations between Martin and Grodin represent one layer of creative contribution to a film that contains the work of a number of very talented people. *The Lonely Guy* is based on Bruce Jay Friedman's book *The Lonely Guy's Guide to Life*. Friedman is a prolific writer, perhaps best known for his play *Steambath* and for co-writing the movie *Dr. Detroit*, which was based on his story.

Director Hiller explains how the movie reached its final form: "The book was brought to Steve Martin's attention, and he said 'Hey, this should be a movie.' Neil Simon created a story from Friedman's book, but he became tied up with other projects, so Ed Weinburger and Stan Daniels did the final screenplay." (Weinburger and Daniels will be familiar to TV viewers for their work on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Taxi*, and *Phyllis*, for which they accumulated 8 Emmys for writing and producing.)

Adding to the contributions of Simon, Daniels, Weinburger, Martin and Grodin is director/producer Arthur Hiller, whose lengthy screen career includes *Silver Streak*, *Plaza Suite*, *The Out-of-Towners*, *Love Story*, and *The Americanization of Emily*, as well as the recent *Author, Author*.

The story of *The Lonely Guy* concerns Larry Hubbard (Martin) a struggling young writer from Iowa, who finds his live-in girlfriend Danielle (Robyn Douglass, first seen in *Breaking Away*) in bed with another man. Suddenly, he is transformed into a "lonely guy," and there are ropes to be learned about how one behaves in that sorry state.

In Warren (Charles Grodin), Martin finds an experienced teacher. Grodin, who has appeared in *The Great Muppet Caper*, *Heaven Can Wait*, *Catch-22*, and Albert Brooks' *Real Life*, among many other films, describes Warren as a "maven, prototypical lonely guy, the guy who always looks like he was hit by a bus."

Martin says, "I play a basically optimistic guy who becomes lonely, while Chuck is the true lonely guy, who's kind of depressed all the time, who says he never really gets sick but always feels a little sick."

Grodin shows Martin the tricks of the loneliness trade, and here much of the original book is apparent.

"It's amazing how many of the vignettes from the book have survived," says Hiller. "For instance, yesterday, we did a sequence where Steve goes into a restaurant alone, and it's about how you handle being alone in a restaurant when you feel that all the people are looking at you, how you can take notes and pretend you're a restaurant critic. That comes right from the book."

There is, of course, a not-so-lonely guy who fuels the fantasies of Martin and Grodin. Played by singer Steve Lawrence, this paragon of social success doesn't just get the girl — he seems to get *every* girl.

Judith Ivey, the Tony award-winning (for *Steaming*) stage actress, plays Martin's elusive love interest in the film. She describes her character, the six-time married Iris, as a woman who always marries men she is destined to divorce. Ivey has unbridled enthusiasm for this, her first leading role in a movie. "If audiences have as much fun watching it as I did doing it, the film should do very, very well."

Martin sees Iris as a woman who, in spite of her eccentricities, understands lonely guys. "She likes me as a person," says Martin, and they eventually get together in a romantic finale.

The city of New York figures prominently in the look and the story of the movie, with much of New York recreated on the soundstage. One particularly impressive set is a 120-foot-long section of the Manhattan bridge, built in life-size scale, suspended 8 feet in the air with a width of 44 feet. The bridge typifies Hiller's attention to detail. "We needed to shoot the scene with a lot of fog, and you can't create that constant mist out in the open, and you can't sit waiting for the mist to come."

The scene to which Hiller refers involves a thwarted suicide attempt by Grodin. The scene remains comic, beginning with a phone message on Martin's answering machine informing him that Grodin "can't make the movies" because he's decided to end it all. Happily, Martin reaches him in time, although Hiller feels that Grodin's character probably wouldn't have jumped anyway.

This gray area between comedy and tragedy is particularly fitting in New York. The city provides an enlarged backdrop that illuminates the funnier aspects of loneliness as well as the more serious. "The premise is that loneliness can strike anyone, anywhere, at anytime," Martin explains. "New York happens to be a good setting to point that up, it's so bustling, it's easy to be lonely. It's good because it presents more opportunities for vignettes. Eating Chinese food is just sort of a lonely thing to do, but it wouldn't happen in Iowa."

Grodin finds that the feelings in the movie "strike deep chords, touching everybody." He likens parts of the film to the Fifties classic *Marty*, which explored loneliness and the pressures of "finding somebody" on a group of single men. "It's a very good part, better than any I've ever played," he says.

The Lonely Guy represents another step in Martin's long and successful career. Aside from the experimental *Pennies from Heaven*, Martin is primarily associated with the manic/comic

films *...e Jerk, D... ...on't Wear P...d*, and *Ti... ...Two* ...ams ...or a com... has ...so Grammys, ...an Acade...y Aware... ...tion, ...or ...is short *The ...sent ...inded Wa...* best-selling ...ook and ...ely popul... for his a... ...es on natur... *Night L...* ...ely ...ay p...vides a d... ...ol of opportunity.

Hil... himself s... ...he is extre...ely happy ...artin's work ... the film. ...ss up with ...leas all th... ...and they'r... terrific. What people are going ...o see is Steve Martin playing a realistic, straight role, despite ... being a comedy. In the sense of relationship..., there are many scenes that are very real.

"The original book was a guide," Hiller goes on, "a series of vignettes. We do have times when he (Martin) is alone, watering his plants, talking to himself, eating a can of tuna. But when you're doing a movie, you need a story, and in order to do that, you need relationships."

Martin describes what he's drawn on for the part: "It's the experience of being lonely, experience with women, dating. There's a vague feeling that even when you're with your friends, you're still alone. It's a different kind of life from the married, family personality. I just feel, I think Chuck and I both feel, that there's a concept of loneliness that he and I understand, that doesn't relate to anything specific, it's just a general attitude about life."

Steve Martin's girlfriend (soon to be ex-girlfriend), played by Robyn Douglass, is found in bed with another man (Richard Del Monte), which leaves Martin out in the lonely cold. The pointing man (top) is director Arthur Hiller. Martin then tries to woo Judith Ivey (above). Lonely guys Martin and Charles Grodin (left) share a happy moment with their best friends – ferns. **The Lonely Guy** ***opens December 16.***

The First Annual (and Never Again) Lonely Guy (or Gal) Contest

DO YOU GO HOME TO AN EMPTY MAILBOX? Or an empty room, in which the only other living thing is your pet fern? When you walk into a restaurant, does everyone else get up and leave? Do you feel you are all alone — unattended, unappreciated and unwanted?

You're a Lonely Guy. Or Gal. Or both.

Well, lonely wretches, here's something just for you ... a contest no one else would want!

There is only one prize. (That's all you deserve.) Here's what some lucky, lonely creature's Grand Prize will include:

• Airfare for one to Los Angeles (unless the winner lives in Los Angeles, in which case we'll pop for bus fare) • No one will sit next to the winner on the plane • No free headset will be provided • With any luck, no meal will be served, either • The winner will not be met at the airport • A single room in a lonely hotel will be provided • No car will be placed at the winner's disposal • The winner will "enjoy" dinner for one at a fine Los Angeles restaurant (preferably empty) • The winner will attend a screening for one (of *The Lonely Guy*, naturally) • The winner will receive a pet fern • Also a Lonely Guy/Gal address book — blank, of course • The winner will not meet Steve Martin. He's too busy • The winner will receive a poster of *The Lonely Guy*, not autographed • The winner will receive two books: *The Lonely Guy's Guide to Life* by Bruce Jay Friedman, and *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, by Dale Carnegie • The winner will also receive an assortment of the finest personal care products: deodorant, mouth wash, dandruff shampoo, Preparation H, Maalox, Milk of Magnesia, Kaopectate and air freshener • The winner will be presented with Lonely Guy boxer shorts. Suitable for feminine wear because the fly doesn't open.

All you need to do is fill in this form (or a 3x5 card) with your name and address, and then tell us in 25 words or less (preferably less) why you are a Lonely Guy (or Gal).

All entries will be judged by *The Movie Magazine* staff, a purely subjective and vindictive bunch. We promise not to choose our relatives or pals (they all have friends, anyway).

All entries must be received by midnight, December 15.

All entries become the property of Alan Weston Communications, Inc. They will not be acknowledged or returned (they'll probably be burned). The winner will be notified by mail, or maybe telegram or phone, or maybe not at all. We can be pretty moody.

Void where prohibited by law or good taste.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

College _____

Year _____ Phone _____

Yes, I am a Lonely Guy (or Gal) because

_____

_____

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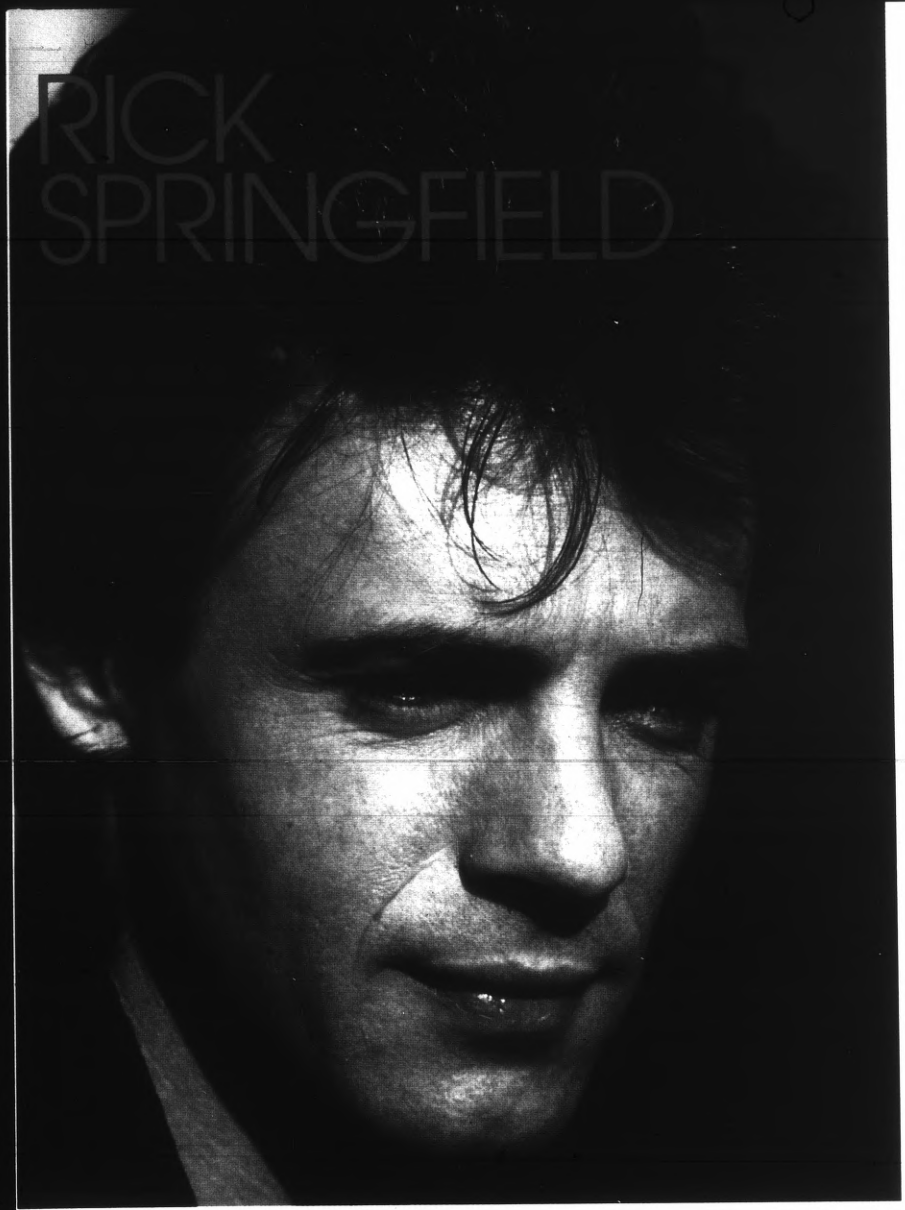
Mail this completed form to Lonely Guy Contest, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028, before midnight, December 15, 1983. Winner will be announced in the Spring 1984 issue of *The Movie Magazine*.



Rock & Roller
General Hospital Heartthrob
Stars in

HARD TO HOLD

BY R. SUE SMITH

Odessa, Texas, is oil country, flat as a griddle and twice as hot.

So flat the natives say you can stand on a beer can and see Lubbock, 150 miles north.

So hot that a local politician blistered more than his career when he suggested that if you want to raise a family, go to neighboring Midland, and if you want to raise hell, go to Odessa.

That kind of hot.

Tonight the sign outside the Ector County Coliseum reads 92 degrees at 6 p.m., and the clean teens lined up two hours before showtime say this is the biggest event since the city fathers banned an Ozzy Osbourne concert.

On stage, live, for one night only, Grammy-award-winning star of records, TV, and his soon-to-be-released first feature film, *Hard to Hold*, the very, very hot Mr. Rick Springfield.

This stop is somewhere midway in a 90-day tour supporting this year's *Living in Oz* LP. The grueling schedule will be Springfield's last chance for a while to touch base with his rock & roll roots before jumping from his established mixed-media pan into a new kind of fire.

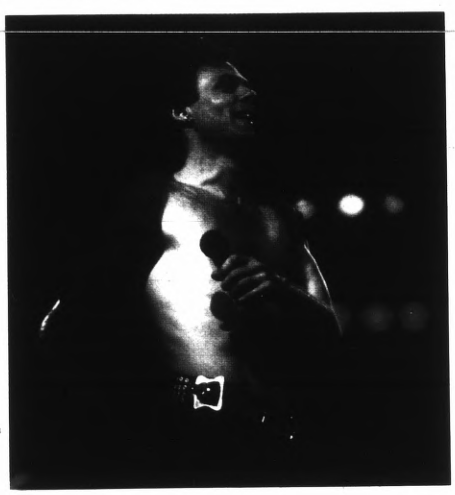
If anything it's hotter backstage than it is outside. Springfield's sleeveless Levi jacket and sweatpants seem almost formal, given the temperature, and not even the city fathers could blame him if he wore a Ted Nugent-style loincloth on stage.

He won't, of course. Though right now his hair is short and punkish, controversy, exploitation, sleaze of any kind, are not part of the image. Rick Springfield knows how to give a good show without showing too much. After 15 years of rock & roll life, including 11 years on the American treadmill to success, Rick Springfield is a pro.

His show (backed by sizzling youngsters called The Fabulous Eels) is a solid package, choreographed and timed with no room for error. From the moment Springfield appears in a dry ice fog until his spectacular leaps from speaker to speaker while leading the crowd through the chorus of "Don't Talk to Strangers," the star gives his all. Hits blast out one song after the other, each tune performed the way the kids like them, just like the record, and Springfield's exuberant encore is a triumph in itself.

Retreating to the air-conditioned dressing room, Springfield carefully moves aside debris, clearing space for conversation. One-thing-at-a-time, his movements are relaxed yet deliberate, intent. When he sets his focus on *Hard to Hold*, it stays there.

"It's a love story," he explains, "about a musician, James Roberts, who's at the



Musician/songwriter/actor Rick Springfield plays rock & roll hero James Roberts, whose performances (left) enthrall thousands, but whose private life is aimless and disconnected.

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'Filming felt good, and it looked good in the takes I saw. But I don't expect to like myself. I'm very critical of my work.'

production. The screenplay is by Hedley, based on a story by Hedley and Richard Rothstein. The star and his advisors had input on plot, casting, technical authenticity. Springfield found it satisfying and fun, almost a luxury in the economics of shooting time.

"The freedom of the movies after TV was like going from a wading pool to the ocean," he says. "We had time to work on the characters and the scenes. When I did weekly shows (such as *The Rockford Files* and *Six Million Dollar Man*) the pace was hectic. Daytime acting (*General Hospital*, of course) was triple that pace."

But what the movies give in time, they take away in control. It's a disturbing thought to a man who likes working alone, writing songs alone, doesn't even consider collaboration since he's not interested in the compromises that would entail.

"The film is more of a puzzle, an enigma, than an album," he considers. "With an album, I see it through all its phases — writing, performing, production. Whereas with the film I was involved in pre-production, had more input than I expected to have, but then they take it all away.

"Filming felt good, and it looked good in the takes I saw last spring. But I don't expect to like myself. I'm very critical of my work.

"One thing I've learned is not to put a time limit on my goals. I thought success would happen when I arrived in the States in '72. If I'd known how long it would take, I might not have tried. But you can't gauge yourself by others, you'll always come in second since you're your own hardest critic. You have to be such a striver to be an actor."

Rick says that he and the character of James Roberts don't really have all that much in common, unless it's that confrontation he calls "The battle between taking charge and not taking charge, living for yourself or what's expected of you."

There may be critics who don't expect much of Springfield's motion picture debut, classifying him by his ardent teen audience and somewhat second-class soap opera success. What they're not reckoning on is that Springfield, like James Roberts, is a "striver," a man with several respected acting workshops (such as with Malcolm McDowell and Marv Steenburgen in L.A.) under his belt and who is indeed his own harshest critic, setting goals he very much intends to fulfill.

"Setting goals," he says, "is about living to go further, go deeper. If I'm going to reach my full potential it's not going to come from sitting on my rear."

Will *Hard to Hold* be a step toward that full potential? Hard to say. In addition to the love story between James and Diana, there's a second story involving James' co-writer and former girlfriend Nicky Nides, played by former fashion model Patti Hansen. Further conflict comes in the presence of Diana's longshoreman father, Johnny, brought to the screen by veteran character actor Albert Salmi. The almost obligatory concert footage introduces two new Springfield songs, along with a band including former child star Bill (*Lost in Space*) Mumy on keyboards and one-time teenybopper rocker Tony (*Tony and the Tigers*) Sales on guitar.

If *Hard to Hold* is hot box office, there will be more adventures ahead for Rick Springfield, movie star. Agents are already reading scripts, thinking about a second film without music to showcase the actor instead of the pop phenomenon. If not, Springfield is willing to see this as just a necessary step in the larger scheme of things. He recalls that another musician-turned-actor gave this advice to a young star.

"Bing Crosby said the important thing was to become multimedia. I don't know if all this was part of a game plan for me, it was just by chance that I got into acting. But now it feels like it's some kind of design.

"Whatever happens, you need to maintain your private place, somewhere to put your goals, your secret goals. There's no way you can feel normal as a recognized personality walking down the street. You have to have that real space where you feel grounded again.

"That's something James Roberts learns."

From the cool smile on Rick Springfield's face, placid and in control despite all kinds of heat, he must have figured that out long ago. *Hard to Hold* opens April 6.

Springfield falls for Janet Eilber (below), a capable, secure psychologist who doesn't need a flamboyant rock star in her life — or so she says. Model Patti Hansen (right) plays Rick's strung-out songwriting partner, the perfect woman for our hero — or so she thinks.

Gary Busey & Mr. T: The New Team in D.C. CAB

Gary Busey (left center) and the redoubtable Mr. T (right center), flanked by muscle twins Peter and David Paul, are rough-and-tumble drivers for a ramshackle D.C. taxi outfit.

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

Screenplays get written in many ways in Hollywood. Some get adapted from best-selling books, or long-playing shows. Others are developed by a writer over a period of months, even years, of writing. There is a third method.

Take writer/director Joel Schumacher. Independent producer Topper Carew came to Schumacher with a simple idea. Would Schumacher be interested in doing a movie about a cab company that was located in Washington, D.C.? Schumacher said yes. "Fine," said Carew. "Go write it." The result is *D.C. Cab*, which Schumacher not only wrote, but also directed.

"The idea appealed to me from the start," says Schumacher, a screenwriting veteran (*Sparkle, Carwash*, the screen adaption of Broadway's *The Wiz*) who made his directorial debut with *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*. "I went to Washington and spent quite a bit of time there with Topper, who knew Washington extremely well. I had only seen our capital as a tourist. I never realized that Washington was 75 per cent black, or that it had a huge Cuban population.

"I learned that there was this incredible street life that surrounded the monuments, the museums and the office buildings. And that's when I realized that no one had ever made a movie about the real people of our nation's capital.

"The story just sort of came together." That story is *D.C. Cab*, an ensemble comedy that stars Mr. T and Gary Busey, but also features Jose Perez, Irene Cara as herself and many newcomers to the screen, as well as some old television veterans.

The story concerns a young man, played by Adam Baldwin (who is best remembered as the bodyguard in Tony Bill's film *My Bodyguard*), who arrives in Washington, D.C., from the South to join a cab company that was owned by a Vietnam war buddy of his late father. When Baldwin gets to the company he discovers that it consists of a group of bizarre cab drivers, misfits in one way or another. Baldwin manages to instill in the group a new sense of pride and helps turn the cab garage into a respectable business.

However, when Baldwin is kidnapped, along with two children of the Canadian ambassador, the evidence seems to point to the cabbies. The drivers then band together into a cohesive unit and search out the kidnappers. It is one of the few times in their lives that they have shared a common goal. And this seems to underscore one of the points that Schumacher is trying to make.

"The story is about how a bunch of misfits find themselves. My philosophy is that most people go through their lives with the illusion that once they get that big break, they are going to be great. Well, no one grows up to want to be a cab driver. It's a corridor people take in life on the way to doing something else. The point is that if you want other opportunities, you've got to do whatever it is that you are doing *now* well. Then that will help you get those future opportunities."

The opportunity to write an entire screenplay from virtually a one-sentence idea isn't unusual for Schumacher. One of his earliest films came from just one word — carwash. Schumacher got the idea for the film when he was sitting in his car early one Sunday morning in front of a carwash. He saw a hooker drinking a beer in a paper bag, trying, with much effort, to line up some business on the phone. In a flash Schumacher realized that there was more to the carwash than met the eye. He wrote the screenplay on that simple inspiration.

To research *D.C. Cab*, however, Schumacher found himself in New York libraries, reading every available story he could on cab drivers, and then interviewing a number of cabbies. He found that the stories could be broken down into definite categories. Cabbies ripping off passengers. Passengers ripping off cabbies. Items lost in cabs.

"Unbelievable things are left in the back of taxis," says Schumacher. "Everything from a million dollars in cash to babies, Stradivarius violins, first drafts of novels, drugs. Then, there's this amazing amount of sexual activity that takes place in cabs. Almost every driver I spoke to said so. Some of the stories that you hear are so extreme, are so insane, you can't use them. The audience would never believe them."

The audience should have no trouble believing the divergent cast playing the group of cabbies. They come from almost every ethnic background. But it was Mr. T, says Schumacher, who managed to attract crowds wherever the crew was filming, particularly in Washington's heavy black areas. At times, remembers Schumacher, there would be as many as 1,000 people crowding in to watch the action, shouting and chanting Mr. T's name. At one point in the filming the crew had to call in a special squad of police to help control the crowd.

Mr. T is as surprised as anyone that he has received this kind of attention from children. "It seems like I'm a modern day Pied Piper," he says, "because wherever I go, thousands and thousands of children are present. Children respond quicker to me than adults, because they are honest and pure. Their hearts are open. They don't know racial hatred. They don't know prejudice. They don't know jealousy or envy. When a kid says 'I love you, Mr. T,' that's coming from his heart."

It seems these days, though, that an entire nation has opened its heart to the man with the hard looks and soft heart. A former bodyguard for the likes of ex-Heavy Weight Champion Leon Spinks, T made his movie debut in *Penitentiary*, but he came to the world's attention as Rocky's arch nemesis Clubber Lang in the third round of that continuing series. And it was his role in *The A Team* as B. A. Baraccus that gave NBC one of its few cer-

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Tha was another reason *D. C. Ca* appealed to Mr. T. It was the i is message. If you stick together, you can accomplish your goals. "I can sink my teeth into movies like that," T says. "People said I'd never get ahead. I come from the ghetto. I didn't go to the finest schools. I used to wear dirty pants and socks with holes in them. But through it all, I made it. And that's my message to other people: If I can make it, you can too."

For actor Gary Busey, whose varied career as a singer, songwriter and actor has landed him roles in films such as *The Buddy Holly Story* (for which he was nominated for an Oscar), *Carny, A Star Is Born* and *Barbarosa, D.C. Cab* presented the opportunity for an acting first: "*D.C. Cab* was the first ensemble comedy that I've done," he says. "In fact, it was the first ensemble acting that I've done since I was in educational theater years ago. The whole experience was an education for me."

The character Busey plays is named Del Dorado, and Busey describes him as a man who is "controlled insanity laced with panic. He seems to know everything about everything and he has in his head that everything is a conspiracy. You don't know whether he is taking anything seriously, putting you on all the way, or is taking everything seriously. Wherever Del is, it's not on this planet."

Even though Busey was the senior member on the set in terms of acting experience, he felt that being with all the newcomers in the film was a very humbling experience and went out of his way to help first-time actors whenever he could. Many of the new faces that appear in *D.C. Cab* came to the film by way of small comedy clubs around the country. Bill Maher, for example, has often appeared on *The Tonight Show.* Paul Rodriguez is another stand-up comedian whose irreverent barrio-style humor has won him a large following at Los Angeles comedy spots such as the Improv and the Comedy Store. Marsha Warfield was the winner of the 1979 San Francisco International Stand-up Comedy Competition. And another comedian, Charlie Barnett, was literally discovered on a street corner.

"We found him on the streets of New York," remembers Schumacher. "He was a street performer who walks up to you and starts doing his routine right there. After about an hour of impromptu comedy, he passes around the hat. We signed him up."

Other acting veterans in *D.C. Cab* include Anne DeSalvo, who was Woody Allen's sister in *Stardust Memories;* Max Gail, better remembered as one of Barney Miller's detectives on the television show of the same name; and Whitman Mayo, who was a regular on the *Sanford and Son* TV show.

"It was always so much fun on the set because of all these fine young comics," remembers Schumacher. "They would always get up and compete for laughs against each other. There was always this little show going on."

D.C. Cab, opening February 17, was filmed in Los Angeles in a reconverted garage, and also in various locations throughout Washington, including places like the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Capitol Hill, Arlington National Cemetery, Embassy Row and, perhaps the most familiar to Washington's cabbies, Dulles Airport.

Does Schumacher think that his send-up of the cab-driving profession will set back the industry a few hundred years? "No, I don't think so," he laughs. "I hope cab drivers like it. In fact, I hope everybody likes it. That's what we made it for."

Mr. T is happy with his role in* D.C. Cab *because "I get to joke and laugh and have a good time. On* The A Team, *I don't smile but once per episode."

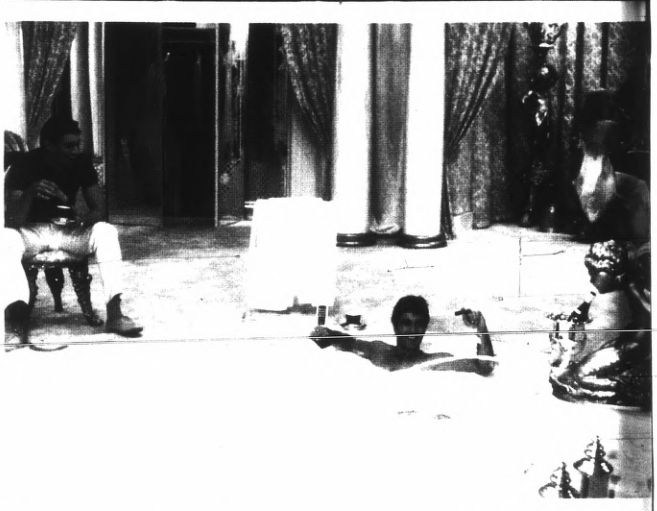
Producer Topper Carew (top right) asked writer/director Joel Schumacher (top left) if he'd be interested in working on a comedy about D.C. cab drivers. "Sure," replied Schumacher. "Go write it," said Carew. The beauties atop the yellow beast are Marsha Warfield (above left) and Anne DeSalvo (above right).

AL PACINO IS

Scarface

A man who lived the American dream...too well

BY ERIC ESTRIN



Director Brian DePalma doesn't seem upset so much as surprised when he walks into producer Martin Bregman's office on the Universal lot in Los Angeles. "You'll love this, Marty," he says, tossing a copy of *Variety* onto Bregman's desk. "Here, read it."

Bregman scans an article in the show business trade paper until he comes to the paragraph in question. "Thirty-seven million dollars!" he exclaims, not sounding nearly as amused as DePalma. "I hate that. Nobody checks out anything."

Bregman is still standing by his desk half-a-minute later when his secretary reaches the article's author by phone. "Hello, Mr. McCarthy? This is Martin Bregman. I'm reading a piece that you did on (current) gangster epics where you say *Scarface*, which I'm the producer of, has gone to a budget of $37 million . . .

"Reportedly by whom? Would you care to find out what our budget is? Would you care to look at our cost runs? Well, why don't you get off your little bottom and get over here and I'll show you the cost runs, which are currently at $22 million, and after having seen that, I would love you to retract that statement."

At the other end of the line, the reporter can very possibly smell smoke from the eight-inch cigar Bregman is waving at the phone. He promises to get a retraction in the paper soon.

"I'm getting to a point in life where that kind of reporting is unacceptable," Bregman says, placing his black, half-frame glasses on the desk in front of him and settling down for an interview. His feelings are justifiable. In the 10 years since he branched out as a talent manager by producing *Serpico*, starring his client Al Pacino, he's earned a reputation as a vigilant overseer of his projects with a much-appreciated talent for keeping costs down.

Having produced films like *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Simon* and *The Four Seasons* (starring another client, Alan Alda), Bregman has no doubt grappled with complications before. He dropped out of college at Indiana and NYU because it was "too slow," and eventually started advising young actors and entertainers how to get ahead in show business. Among his early managerial clients: Candice Bergen, Faye Dunaway, Liza Minnelli, Bette Midler and Woody Allen.

With the adverse conditions facing him on *Scarface*, it's impressive that Bregman was able to bring it in at any price. The picture deals with a recent Cuban immigrant's rise and fall in south Florida's cocaine business. Bregman conceived of the idea while watching the original on late-night TV, and instantly pictured Pacino in the lead role. He hired Oliver Stone *(The Hand, Midnight Express)* to write the screenplay and later signed DePalma *(Carrie, Dressed to Kill)* to direct.

But when the crew arrived in Miami to begin filming last year, they found themselves embroiled in an intense controversy over how the finished product would portray south Florida's Latin community. After weeks of negotiations with Cuban leaders, during which time Bregman was alternately granted and denied permission to begin filming, word came down that the picture could roll in Miami — if he agreed to certain conditions. But by then, Bregman and the studio had decided to avoid the aggravation and moved most of the production to California.

Pacino's co-star in the film, Steve Bauer, found the political uproar particularly unfortunate. Bauer is a Cuban-born ex-Miamian, whose family and friends still reside in that city. "It's too bad there were so many problems," he says, "because the Cubans, generally, are a very open people with a sense of humor. They take things with a grain of salt — that's the Cuban personality."

Nevertheless, neither Bauer nor Bregman was prepared for the negative reaction *Scarface* received from a small but vocal part of Miami's Cuban community. "There was this one guy Perez (a city commissioner), who made a big political issue out of it," Bregman says in a voice made calm by the grace of hindsight. "They kept escalating this as an anti-Cuban movie."

Miami's reluctance to serve as a location stems from a serious public relations problem the area has had since the spring of 1980, when its population was swelled by the influx of 125,000 new Cuban exiles from the port of Mariel. At least a fifth of these *Marielitos* were said to be undesirables — petty thieves, hardened criminals and worse — set free from prisons and mental institutions in their native land to roam the streets of south Florida and make of their lives what they would.

In *Scarface*, Al Pacino plays one of these characters, Tony Montana. "He comes over here and sees gold in the streets, and he wants it," says Bregman. "He seizes upon one opportunity after another; he makes his own opportunities, and he makes it happen for himself. But in the

Al Pacino blazing his way to success (left) and enjoying the fruits of his labor (below left). The wedding party (l. to r.): Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Michelle Pfeiffer, Pacino, Steven Bauer.

end he's overwhelmed by it. The power he achieves becomes a time bomb."

Montana's "gold," of course, is mined in south Florida's runaway cocaine business, just as the original *Scarface* dealt with the bootlegging fortune amassed by Al Capone in the 1930s. But in Miami the stakes are higher and the consequences rougher than in any Chicago gangster's wildest dreams.

"You know how big that business is? A hundred billion dollars!" Bregman says. "The whole motion picture business I think is seven or eight billion. Add another two billion for television and it's still not one-tenth of the drug industry in south Florida. That's crazy!"

Other than 10 days of exterior shots filmed in south Florida, *Scarface* was filmed in locations around southern California, including the magnificent Santa Barbara estate where Charlie Chaplin and Oona O'Neill held their wedding reception in 1943. Unfortunately, filming in Santa Barbara was twice interrupted by the worst weather to hit California this century.

And the film's violent subject matter took a toll as well. In one sequence, Pacino hit the ground during a shootout, only to land atop a red-hot machinegun barrel. Filming had to be suspended for a week while the star's hand recovered from serious burns.

Possibly even more difficult to deal with were the psychological pressures surrounding the crew during their time in south Florida. For weeks they mingled with drug kingpins and government agents in a world of hostility, paranoia and fear. "We had undercover agents with us most of the time — without incident, but nevertheless there were some frightening experiences," says executive producer Stroller, who often teams with Bregman for their New York-based production company.

"One night I had gone back to my room," Stroller continues, "and I told the guy who had been

(Continued on page 16)

BRIAN DE PALMA

From Razzle-Dazzle Violence To "An Epic, A Character Study"

What attracted director Brian DePalma to *Scarface* was simple. "I've always wanted to make a gangster picture and I've always wanted to work with Al Pacino."

DePalma's involvement began a few years ago, when he talked to Pacino about taking the part in the movie *Blowout* (which John Travolta eventually landed). Pacino told DePalma he wanted to do *Scarface*, which was then being developed, and showed him a video cassette of the 1932 version starring Paul Muni.

"It's very challenging to work with an actor who's as good as Pacino. He carries such an ominous film presence with him. When he starts getting angry, it's truly scary. What you saw him do in *Godfather* is nothing compared to this. It's an entirely different characterization, because in *Scarface* he's playing a dynamic, driven, flashy, energetic character. In *Godfather* he was a little more laid back, a little more controlled in playing a kid rising to take over his father's empire.

"Here he's a guy arriving in town on a banana boat and wants to own the town as fast as possible, and he proceeds to do just that." DePalma describes the Cuban gangsters of *Scarface* as "a little more animalistic, a little more primitive" than the Corleones of the *Godfather* films.

After a controversial career that has included offbeat hits like *Carrie*, *Dressed to Kill* and *The Fury*, this 42-year-old director has settled down to make what he calls "an epic, a character study."

"I think a director every once in a while should go out and direct something that is away from what he normally does, to try and expand his vision to some extent. I think I've benefited from it," he says.

That doesn't mean he's thrown away the flamboyant camera angles, the slow-motion action sequences and the garish color schemes that marked his other movies. But all of that takes a back seat in *Scarface*, he says.

"It doesn't have the total cinematic razzle-dazzle of *The Fury* and *Dressed to Kill*. There is one slow-motion scene, for example, but it's very sparingly used. It does have visually dramatic things, but I concentrated much more on straightforward storytelling. In the past the visual things were so strong they almost overwhelmed everything else. In *Scarface*, the characters and story are so strong that everything falls into a natural balance.

"I wouldn't say it is as violent as some of my other movies, which were visually violent. This isn't really violent because the killings are mostly done in shootouts. No people are being sliced up or things like that," he adds, chuckling.

DePalma's new style comes after *Blowout* was an unexpected 1981 flop after a string of box office successes. "I think one of the primary problems was that the advertising made it look like it was another *Dressed to Kill*, and it really wasn't. Plus it was a very somber view of the American political system, and those pictures always have problems. A lot of people don't want to see that, basically.

"Now *Scarface* is the American dream — gone crazy a little bit, but still the American dream."

DePalma's next project will be a "rock & roll picture" with John Travolta called *Fire*, which he is to begin probably in February. Will it be back to exploding heads? Our man just laughs and leaves us in suspense.

Producer Martin Bregman (left), executive producer Louis Stroller (center) and director Brian DePalma.* Scarface *opens December 9.

ICE MAN

BY ZAN STEWART

Many films have given us an idea of our distant future *(2001, Outland, Star Wars)* and one has imagined our distant past *(Quest for Fire)*, but there hasn't been a film like *Iceman*, which at once explores our future *and* our distant past.

Iceman is Australian director Fred Schepisi's passion-filled science/fantasy adventure that describes what happens when a crew from an Arctic mining company discovers a 40,000-year old man who has been cryogenically preserved deep in glacial ice. Mainly through the work of two intrepid scientists — anthropologist Dr. Stanley Shepard (Timothy Hutton) and cryobiologist Dr. Diane Brady (Lindsay Crouse) — the Iceman is thawed out and placed in a unique environment called the Vivarium, which simulates our prehistoric landscape. There, as the Iceman and the scientists observe and interact with each other, the past and present merge.

"*Iceman* is a way of looking at us," says Schepisi, whose credits include the chilling *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*, and the off-beat western, *Barbarosa*. "There is a wonder in looking at someone who is really us from the beginning.

"When you go to the zoo and see a monkey, you see the similarities and the differences as well. Take it a stage further and you have a person who is the next major step . . . not a monkey or an ape . . . but a primitive human being. How much of what we were is still there in us? How much have we lost? How much have we layered over? How much do we accuse other people of even though it's really our nature?

"If we can reach a better understanding of that, we will reach a better understanding of ourselves."

Iceman is the brainchild of John Drimmer, a former producer and documentary filmmaker for CBS News. Intrigued by news stories about frozen medicine and the prospect of bringing people back to life after years, even centuries, Drimmer pondered what it would be like if a prehistoric man were cast, alive, into the 20th Century. He scripted his idea but did nothing with it until he was leaving CBS. Then he arranged a fortuitous meeting with producer-director Norman Jewison *(In the Heat of the Night,... And Justice for All)*, who also has a personal interest in cryogenics. An immediate bond between the men existed and the project started to roll. "I was fascinated by this viewpoint," Jewison says. "It's a look at progress with a porthole to our past."

Together with his partner, producer Patrick Palmer *(Best Friends)*, Jewison contracted Schepisi to film the screenplay written by Drimmer and Chip Prosser. "We were looking for someone who was as committed to *Iceman* as we were," Palmer says.

Timothy Hutton felt the same way — he wanted very much to play the part of the anthropologist Shepard. "It was the story, the character and something I've never done before . . . I'm playing older," says the 23-year-old Oscar winner.

The part of Shepard called for a 27-year-old but, as Schepisi acknowledges, "We were flexible and Tim was persuasive. He had some great ideas. It helped us broaden the scope. When everyone was considered, he was the best."

Hutton prepared himself for his role by immersing himself in the study of anthropology, and he adds, "For the first time, I was into the research from *my* point of view instead of solely through the eyes of my character."

Lindsay Crouse, who also costars with Hutton in *Daniel*, was looking for something different and found *Iceman* "a refreshing change in a contemporary story." She says she liked playing a scientist, exploring a new realm, and that she discovered that scientists are a lot like actors — they go where the work is.

The visual concept of the Iceman himself came from an amalgam of generally accepted scholarly research on early North American native peoples. This included a lack of excessive body hair, with layers of fat supplying necessary insulation against the elements. Additionally, a language for the Iceman was developed by Philip Lieberman of Brown University, based on his theories of what sounds the prehistoric voice box, jaw and tongue might be capable of producing.

John Lone, a classically trained Chinese actor who won an Obie for *The Dance and the Railroad*, was chosen for the title role. "John is remarkably talented," says Schepisi. "Although he's Oriental by birth, when you put make-up on, what you had was an indeterminate person . . . not Oriental, not European . . . but sort of something out of our past."

Timothy Hutton (left) plays anthropologist Stanley Shepard who, with cryobiologist Diane Brady (played by Lindsay Crouse, above), discover and nurture, teach and learn from a unique individual – a prehistoric human (played by John Lone, below).

Iceman *is scheduled for April, 1984 release.*

A prized specialist in seedy character roles **(Missouri Breaks, Wise Blood, Alien),** *Harry Dean Stanton (below) graduates to leading man in* **Repo Man.**

Emilio Estevez (left) plays a burr-headed punk, under pressure to learn the car repossession racket.

REPO MAN

BY BYRON LAURSEN

I had my friend dressed up as an LA cop, with the handcuffs on his belt and everything," says writer-director Alex Cox. "So he marched me into this meeting of studio executives and said, 'I'm going to give him ten minutes to tell you his idea, then I'm taking him downtown and booking him!' Then he made a big show of checking all the exits and he went out and waited in the hall way with his arms folded over his chest."

Alex Cox sold his story that day.

For the past three years, with scripts has been Cox's home tonight, surrounded by the glass and eucalyptus trees of Angeles' Elysian Park, he's d ing the first of those scripts t put on celluloid, a post-pa black comedy called *Repo M* Independent production is a miracle that may happen this young (28) English story and his like-minded young producers, all of whom be friends at UCLA film scho While major studios are often afraid of adventurous, smaller projects, they'll sometimes get involved after more daring have gotten the ball rolling. *Repo Man* was a completed movie and, ready a hit at several film festivals before a big studio came forth to help with its distribution. *Repo Man* got lucky sooner Harry Dean Stanton, the star, is one of Hollywood's most sought-after character actors. Emilio Estevez, the son of actor Martin Sheen (*Apocalypse Now, Gandhi*), plays a punk who becomes a repo (car repossession) man. Michael Nesmith, former pop star ("*Hey, hey, we're the Monkees!*") and currently an award-winning producer of video clips, provided the timely financing help that escalated *Repo Man* from an extreme low-budget opus to a full-out feature.

A renegade nuclear scientist is somewhere in L.A., driving a trunkful of something mysterious around in a Chevy Malibu. His niece thinks it's an E.T. on ice. Others suspect an atomic bomb. Stanton and his fellow repo workers only know that a $20,000 reward rides with that funky Malibu. The story pivots on everyone's crazed efforts to get it first.

Stanton's career is based on playing charismatic loners, hard-luck guys from the underside. He was a rustler in the western *Missouri Breaks* and one of the first victims of the ratchet-jawed outer space people-eater in *Alien*. More recently Stanton played Brain, the high I.Q. convict in *Escape from New York*.

Tonight he sits on the passenger side of a clapped-out green Impala, alongside another clunker manned by fellow repo specialist Light (played by Sy Richardson). Stanton tells Richardson his plans: find that Malibu and go independent with a repo yard of his own, buy a couple of pit bulls and "let the other punks do the work." Richardson replies with his own dream — a large parcel of land up in Mendocino County where, he relates with a calculating grin, he'll raise "tomato plants."

For the uninitiated, Mendocino County, up towards the Oregon border, is one of America's prime marijuana farming areas.

Between takes, Stanton and Cox discuss whether "other punks" works better than "other guys." Earlier, Richardson had changed broccoli into tomatoes.

"I don't care if an actor changes a line," Cox observes a moment later, while a camera man plots out the next shot from the hood of Richardson's car. "As long as the point gets across, why worry about it?" Lanky, humorous, with a crew cut that's grown out to the length and texture of puppy fur, Cox projects an essentially British antic sort of comedy. He'd be at home in either the pop music group Madness or the Monty Python comedy troupe. Tonight he's decked out in heavy boots, jeans with tall up-turned cuffs and a Mr. Goodwrench-style mechanic's smock. Formerly an Oxford student, he took film classes at the Old Vic Theatre School in Bristol and acted the lead in a well-received student film called *Nearly Wide Awake*. Self-effacing, he says "the protagonist" instead of "the lead," and grimaces shyly when I mention his reputation as a writer.

Last night scenes of gunplay were filmed in front of a lit-up oil refinery. Later tonight, past midnight, the crew is headed for the Silverlake Lounge. It's a dive, the perfect image of "gritty, comic-book naturalism" that the producers of *Repo Man* desire.

On many film projects, long hours of boredom between short segments of filming gradually take their toll. With *Repo Man*, says assistant director Allan, the crew has ruined a few takes by breaking out in laughter. That, like the cop story, is a tribute to Alex Cox and his ability to crack a tough, even jaded audience. If he's half so successful with the general public, *Repo Man* could be one of the surprise hit movies of early 1984.

Lorna Luft, Wendy Schaal, Lisa Hartman and Lynn-Holly Johnson (below, l. to r.) assemble on the famous Ft. Lauderdale beach. Russell Todd (left) stars as one of two men vying for Ms. Hartman's affections (he previously appeared in* Friday the 13th, Part II *and* He Knows You're Alone*).

BY DEBBY MARKLEY

Mention Ft. Lauderdale, and a sly grin might appear on the face of anyone who has ever participated in the spring craziness there. The Florida coastal city is a primary migration spot for hordes of class-weary northern college students who arrive en masse each spring to party, tan and cavort with the opposite sex.

The bars pull out all the stops, offering every advertising gimmick and contest imaginable to lure customers away from the many other competing clubs. There is the Mr. Hot Bod Contest, the Ms. Hot Bod Contest, the Wet Tee Shirt Contest, beer-drinking contests, pizza-eating contests and on into infinity. On the beaches, it is sitting room only.

This curious American phenomenon was first depicted on the screen by Joe Pasternak in 1960 for MGM in the original *Where the Boys Are*. Now, over 20 years later, producer Allan Carr, who presented audiences with the film versions of *Tommy*, *Grease*, *Can't Stop the Music* and *Grease II*, returned to Ft. Lauderdale with director Hy Averback to create a totally new motion picture, scripted by Stu Krieger and Jeff Burkhart.

"I had never been in Ft. Lauderdale during spring break before," says Lisa Hartman, one of the film's principal stars. "I had heard it was incredibly packed with people but whenever I saw movies of it, I always thought they'd put in too many extras. I was *amazed* to find it really is that way!"

Hartman, currently a popular actress/singer on the television series *Knots Landing*, stars as Jennie, a reluctant participant in the Florida spring madness who is torn between two lovers, played by Russell Todd (as Scott Nash) and Daniel McDonald (as Camden Roxbury III).

Lorna Luft, an experienced Broadway performer who made her screen debut in *Grease II*, portrays Carole, who would like to be liberated from her jealous boyfriend, Chip (Howard McGillin) — until it actually happens.

Instigating the girls' trip is the high-spirited Laurie, played by Lynn-Holly Johnson, whose starring debut in *Ice Castles* was followed by a co-starring role with Roger Moore in *For Your Eyes Only*. Wendy Schaal completes the foursome, playing a high-brow Texas debutante named Sandra. Schaal has been a series regular on *It's a Living* and *Fantasy Island*.

Rounding out the cast are Alana Stewart (wife of rocker Rod Stewart) and Louise Sorel representing hip members of the "over 30" crowd.

"We didn't set out to make a chauvinistic film or an exploitative one," clarifies director Hy Averback. "*Where the Boys Are* attempts to capture the real spirit of Ft. Lauderdale during spring break. There are some sexual scenes, sure, but that's realistic and natural — like driving cars," he says, chuckling.

Actual filming of the project went relatively smoothly, despite the crowds and intermittent rains. Unexpected occurrences, however, added comedic touches not found in the script. In one scene, Luft's character has entered a Hot Bod Contest and is dancing on a raised platform by the water.

"During the filming of this contest," Hartman remembers, "one contestant was dancing topless. Our production crew noticed that a big ship carrying elderly tourists would be sailing right past us, so the crew waited, hoping to catch on film the honest, shocked reactions from these people as they see the topless dancing.

"But, they *loved* it!" Hartman continues, laughing. "Instead of being freaked out, these grandmothers were smiling, laughing — they even started dancing on the ship! It was great! Shocked all of us kids, though," says Hartman, shaking her head.

"This is a 'crossover' picture," Averback comments. "People in their 30s and 40s remember the old film fondly and then there is, of course, the youth audience." In any case, starting in March, moviegoers will surely see the difference 23 years can make on a city and its annual visitors.

Scarface

(Continued from page 13)

with me all day that it was silly for him to come; I could find my way back. We were staying at a different hotel from most of the crew simply for security reasons. As I started to walk to my room, these two Colombian guys came out of a room behind me and started walking right toward me. They walked up and said good evening and just walked right past. It was nothing, but you build these things up in your mind and you never know."

Stroller says the atmosphere of paranoia is reflected perfectly in Pacino's performance. "He was just incredible to work with," he says. "I used to watch him after a day's work. We'd go in and watch the dailies, and I'd come out exhausted just seeing how much he expended."

Bauer, who previously starred in the long-running *Que Pasa, U.S.A.?*, a bilingual situation comedy on public television, says some of the humor in the film derives from the superior attitude affected by the lead characters upon their arrival in America — an attitude common among the Cuban population. "I think they have kind of a funny elitism," he says. "It's their sense that in a foreign country, they feel like they know more than the natives. They feel like they could own the place within a few weeks, as soon as they get the hang of it."

It's this frame of mind that Pacino reflects, Bauer says, not only in his perfectly accented speech, but in the way he moves as well. "He's very perceptive and quick, and he just soaked it right up," Bauer says. "All the Cubans who came on the set in Miami, like my family and friends, they'd get to meet him and they'd always say, 'God, he looks so real! He looks so Cuban!'"

Co-starring with Pacino and Bauer is Michelle Pfeiffer *(Hollywood Knights, Grease 2)* as Elvira, an embodiment of the American dream for Tony upon his arrival. Several Cuban actors have small roles in the film as well, a fact that Bregman finds sadly ironic. "It's a shame that we didn't end up spending all that money in Miami," the producer says, "because the film really shows Miami the way it is. I would have built a club there if we had been welcomed, but I built it here. Nothing would have looked different, but we would have dropped all that money there instead. It would have been better for everybody."

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COMING SOON

***British actress Francesca Annis as Jessica, mother of Paul Atreides and disciple of the Bene Gesserit sect in* Dune.**

Science fiction fans around the world rejoiced when Frank Herbert's 1965 Hugo-award-winning novel ***Dune*** was slated for the big screen, but they'll have to wait until December 1984 to see the epic. Principal photography was completed this past September, but post-production work (special effects and editing) will take a full year. *Dune* was shot in Mexico, where cast and crew took over all eight soundstages at Churubusco Studios, plus three backlot sets, two "subsidiary" locations within Mexico City (including the city dump, called by some crew members the "dead dog dump"), and the Salamayuca desert near Juarez. And how will writer-director David Lynch (*Elephant Man*) and company render the blue-within-blue Fremen eyes? By computer — frame by frame. Creature creator Carlo Rimbaldi (who did the rubber baby aliens in *Close Encounters,* and E.T. himself) is in Los Angeles working on the Guild Navigator and great sandworms.

In another part of Mexico (Cuernavaca, to be precise), John Huston is directing ***Under the Volcano,*** from the oft-read novel by Malcolm Lowry (screenplay by Guy Gallo). The story involves a former British consul, an alcoholic (Albert Finney), who is joined in Mexico (the year is 1938) by his estranged wife (Jacqueline Bisset) and his half-brother (*Brideshead Revisited's* Anthony Andrews).

Once *Dune* vacates those Churubusco soundstages, ***Conan II*** will move right in. Arnold Schwarzenegger wields the mighty blade again, with Richard Fleischer directing from a Stanley Mann screenplay.

Meanwhile, back in Los Angeles, at least three other less famous Conans wield swords at the Universal Studios Tour. They call it a "sword and sorcery spectacular." Three different casts (nine people each, including Conan, a lissome female fighter, four villains, one very bad villain, and a wizard) clang and clash many times *daily,* menaced by a fire-breathing dragon. Next year marks the 20th anniversary of the tour, and executives are huddling now to plan major birthday celebrations. We've heard a rumor (the drums, the drums — will they never stop?) that there will be a moving, roaring, chest-thumping King Kong. (Aren't you relieved I didn't make any jokes about going ape? You're welcome.)

Yet another Stephen King blockbuster will be rendered in celluloid: ***Firestarter.*** The young girl with the extraordinary torch talent is Drew Barrymore (from *E.T.*); her parents are played by David Keith (*Lords of Discipline*) and Heather Locklear (of TV's *Dynasty* and *T.J. Hooker*). Mark Lester directs from a screenplay by Stanley Mann.

Director Walter Hill just finished ***Streets of Fire,*** a futuristic rock-and-roll adventure fantasy which he co-scripted with Larry Gross, starring Michael Paré and Diane Lane. Hill soon starts work on ***Dick Tracy,*** which he'll direct next year from a script by Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr. Warren Beatty is one of a few actors rumored for the role of the square-jawed crimestopper, comic strip hero to decades of Sunday funnies readers. No word yet on the plot, but I'm told by an unimpeachable source that many bizarre and familiar characters will appear — Breathless Mahoney, the Blank, Mumbles, Pruneface, Tess Trueheart (Tracy's true love), Big Boy and Flattop.

After the busy Mr. Hill deals with Dick Tracy, he will direct the fourth version of ***The Magnificent Seven*** (which he has already written with Larry Gross). The original *Magnificent Seven,* released in 1960, starred the then-new Steve McQueen and Charles Bronson, famous Yul Brynner and completely unknown James Coburn.

Burt Reynolds' next will be the title role in ***Stick,*** which he's also directing, from the Elmore Leonard novel about an ex-con who becomes a chauffeur in Miami Beach and gets tangled up with his boss and his glamorous financial consultant and a cocaine-dealing client of theirs. Leonard ("Dutch" to his pals) is doing the screenplay (he previously wrote *Joe Kidd* and *Hombre*).

Cloak and Dagger stars *E.T.'s* Henry Thomas, Dabney Coleman (*WarGames* and TV's *Buffalo Bill*) and Michael Murphy; it's all about a boy, an espionage plot, an imaginary superhero and a real friend. Richard Franklin directs from a screenplay by Tom Holland and Bill Phillips.

Australia's Mel Gibson (the heartstopper in *Road Warrior* and *The Year of Living Dangerously*) plays opposite Sissy Spacek in ***The River,*** a Tennessee-locationed tale of small farmers and big troubles. Gibson was born in America (his family emigrated to Australia when he was 12), so he shouldn't have any difficulty temporarily losing his Aussie accent. Academy Award nominee Mark Rydell (*On Golden Pond*) directs from a screenplay by Robert Dillon and Julian Barry.

For those of us who miss James Garner's face on primetime television, we'll be able to see it on the huge screen come spring. In ***Tank,*** Garner plays a retired Army Sgt. Major whose young son (C. Thomas Howell, from *The Outsiders*) is falsely imprisoned. Garner just happens to have a fully operational Sherman tank, and decides to roar to the rescue. (Ah, how often on the freeway have I yearned for a fully operational Sherman tank . . .). Marvin Chomsky directed from a Dan Gordon script, for Lorimar Productions.

Tim Hutton is enjoying an uncharacteristic calm spot in his career; his next film, ***Road Show,*** has been indefinitely postponed due to the illness of director Richard Brooks (who replaced first director Martin Ritt because of illness). But while Hutton knocks about Malibu in his red Porsche and prepares for ***Falcon and the Snowman*** with Sean Penn, fans will have two of his films to occupy their time: ***Daniel*** and ***Iceman.*** The latter, filmed in Vancouver, B.C. under the direction of Fred Schepisi, has Hutton as a scientist who discovers, thaws and befriends a prehistoric human. The screenplay is by Chip Proser and John Drimmer.

Judith Sims

DUNE FAN CLUB

A fan club for the movie *Dune* is currently being formed somewhere in the arid sands of Hollywood. Those readers interested in joining, or receiving more information, should send name and address to:

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Details will be mailed as soon as they are available.

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